day was very hot and misty, which interfered considerably with distant views. Myriads of fishing craft are on every side and most beautiful color effects on land and water. At 4.30 P.M. arrived at Kobe quarantine and our journey is at and end. However, we had a bad scare first. The doctors came out to meet us, spent a long time in the examination (we were not bothered much) and departed. Still we waited and our yellow flag did not come down. I began to be suspicious, but could get no explanation of the delay from the Japanese officers and cabin men. Finally, it was whispered that there was a case of sickness aboard and we must wait for the doctors to come out. Visions of a ten days' quarantine (or worse)! After two hours' wait the doctors came again. I heard a commotion in the dining saloon below: (this was a room immediately next to our staterooms), and I looked through the skylight and saw an examination being made of the sick man on the dining table! This is a fine example of Japanese "efficiency"; if the man is ill, we are now in for it. Why the deuce they could not have kept him in the steerage, no one knows. After, however, an anxious half-hour we saw the doctors take their departure and our quarantine flag come down; a narrow escape!

Meanwhile a violent storm came up and we started for the landing place in a down-pour of rain. More "efficiency" awaited us; the steam tender had gotten tired of waiting for us, so when we dropped anchor there was no means of reaching shore except by row boats. We piled in them with our baggage and got thoroughly wet in the process of transfer ashore. It was now about 8.00 P.M. and we were wet and hungry and had to face a lengthy wait in the custom house. Here we had our first experience of official incivility; everything was examined minutely by men who could not speak English, our